NEW MUTANTS

BRISSON
FLAVIANO
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MARVEL
9

Pershyy Misto, Carnelia.

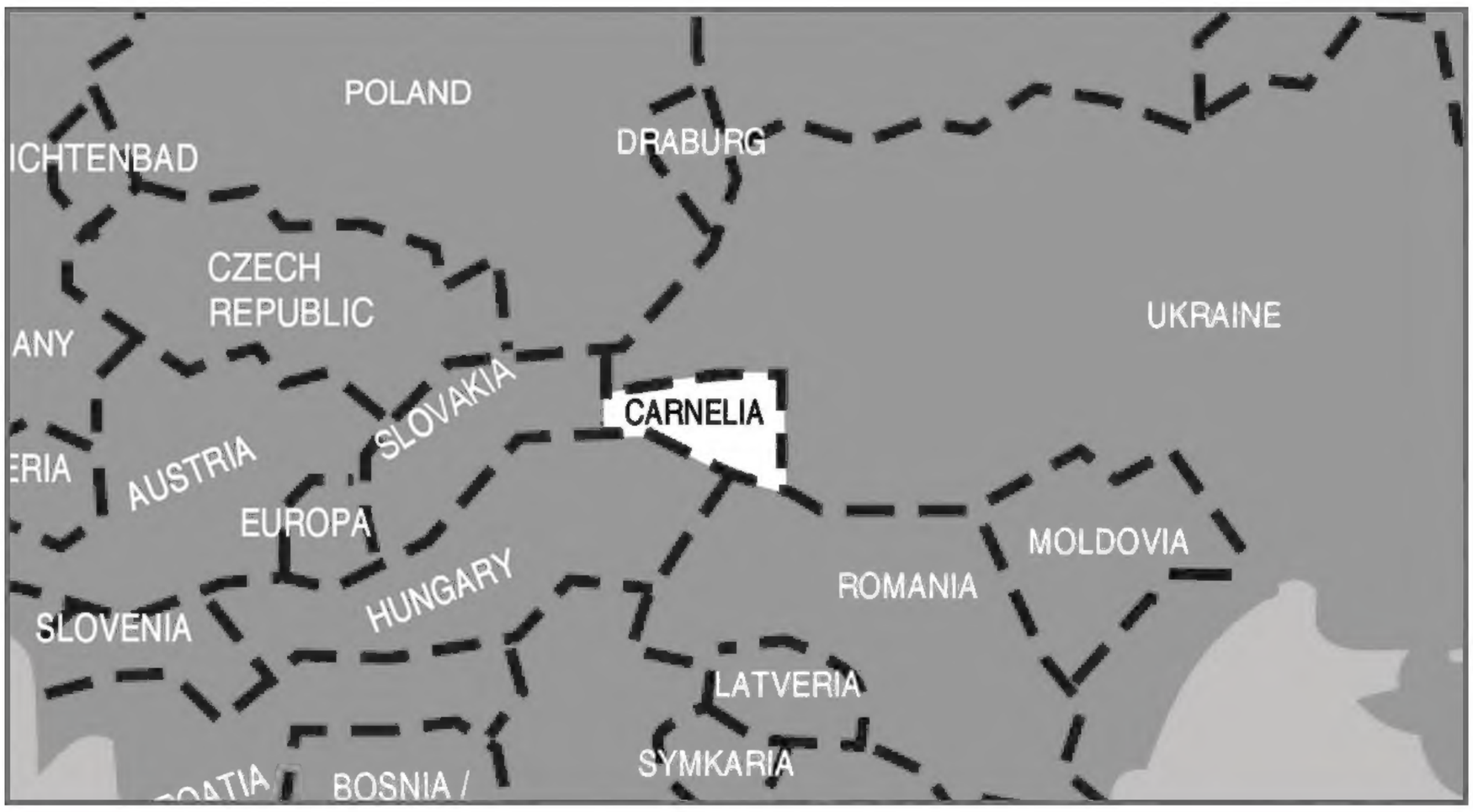
НЕ ВХОДИТЬ

‹I'm sorry...›*

*Translated from Russian.

‹I'm so sorry...›
‹I didn't mean to.›

CARNELIA



OFFICIAL NAME: Republic of Carnelia *(Respublika Carneliya)*

POPULATION: 3,000,000

CAPTIAL CITY: Pershyy Misto

GOVERNMENT: Parliamentary democracy
(formerly satellite state of the USSR)

MAJOR LANGUAGES: Russian, Ukrainian, English

MAJOR RESOURCES: Machinery, electronics, gas, coal, iron ore, copper, lead, zinc, nickel, gold, silver

Nestled in the Carpathian Mountains, Carnelia was founded as a state in the 1920s. Originally a satellite of the USSR, Carnelia became an independent, democratic nation after the dissolution of the Soviet Union in 1991.

Although Carnelia has typically enjoyed peaceful relations with the Western world, a recent attack on their parliament, which left 129 representatives and aides dead, has caused them to withdraw from the world stage.

Carnelia does not recognize Krakoa as a sovereign nation.

[00_nova____X]
[00_roma____X]

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[09] NEW MUTANTS

[ISSUE NINE]....SOMETHING ROTTEN IN....

[00_night____X]
[00_mare____X]

[00_00.....0]
[00_00.....9]

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[00_for____]
[00____give_]
[00_____]

[00_ness____]

[kra_[0.9]
[koa_[0.9]

[kra_[0.X]
[koa_[0.X]

ANOTHER CHANCE

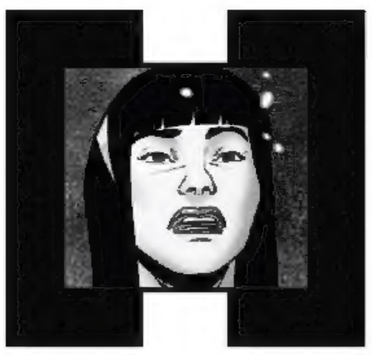
The mutant nation of Krakoa is like paradise for its citizens.
But the world is still a dangerous place to be a mutant...

Boom-Boom

Chamber

Magma

Mirage



Karma

Magik

Cyclops

Cypher

Mondo

Armor

[kra_[0.9]...]
[koa_[0.9]...]

[night..MARE]

Krakoa.

The Akademos Habitat.

The Sextant.

Next time you guys decide to go off on a space adventure...

...maybe let me know.

I *love* space adventures!

Ah tried to wake yah. Ah did. But yer impossible to wake. Like the sleeping dead, you are, Boom-Boom.

Try harder next time, Rahne.

It's good to see you too.

God, Earth water, I've missed you. Space water tastes like ash and fungus and despair.

Seriously, you guys brought Mondo and Chamber, but not me? They're not even part of the team.

They are ***now.***

Yeah, well maybe I put together ***my own*** team while you clowns were off having intergalactic adventures.

Dani! You guys are back!
Hey, Magma.
At least someone's happy to see us.

Don't mind Boom-Boom.
It's been a bit of a rough couple weeks for her, and she's taking it out on everyone.
Is everything okay?
I'll fill you in later.

We were just about to head out on a mission.
If you guys aren't too jet-lagged...
...rocket-lagged? Spaceship-lagged?
Whatever kind of lagged.
If you are up to it, I'm sure we could use a little help.

I'm right here.
You are.
She even acknowledge me?
No?
No.

Well, you'll have plenty of time to impress her later, Chamber.

The Blue Area of the Moon.

The Summer House.

Can I offer you something to drink? We've got a fully stocked--

No. I am fine.

You summoned me here--I assume there is a *reason?*

You've been gone for a bit. Thought that it might be a good time... as Captain Commander... to catch up with one of my captains.

Get an update on how things are going in the Sextant.

And maybe have some *concerns* put to rest.

Cyclops, do not beat around the bush.

If you have concerns, speak them.

The Council is aware of the disaster in Pilger, Nebraska.

While they ***understand*** that Armor, Glob and the others were ***well intentioned*** in trying to bring mutants to Krakoa...

...there are four dead humans on our hands and--

They were ***attacked,*** held ***prisoner*** and, even in defending themselves, did not kill ***any*** humans. Which I believe shows a ***monumental*** feat of ***restraint.***

Though I will give that some of the hostage takers were badly hurt, none received fatal injuries.

Those humans that ***did*** die, died at the hands of another human, who then took his own life.

But it ***could*** have gone another way.

Yet it ***didn't.***

The event was tragic but could have been far worse had Armor, Glob, Maxime, Manon and Boom-Boom not intervened.

The Council's concern has been noted.

But I assure you, one captain to another, there is no reason for worry.

Now, if you don't mind. I've been off Earth for ***far*** too long...

"...and would prefer to put my feet firmly on the ground."

Pershyy Misto, Carnelia.

‹Dmitry!›

‹If he's fallen asleep on the job again, I swear...›

‹...I'm going to fire his ass. I don't care who his brother is.›

‹Heeeeeelp...›

‹Dmitry?›

‹Pleeeease... heeeeelp.... meeee...›

Krakoa.

What *the hell* is that?

That, my fair lady, is the *Pac-Rat II.*

We sort of *liberated* it from Old Man Cable's collection after he...

Well... you know...

It was just collecting dust.

Better fuel economy than the Blackbird.

Can't we just take a gate where we're going?

We're going to Carnelia, a country that does not recognize Krakoa, and so there are no gates close to our destination.

They *do not* want us in their country.

And...the Quiet Council... they've *okayed* this? They're fine with us going into a country that sees us as *the enemy?*

There's a kid in Carnelia who just discovered she's a mutant.

In a country that publicly stated that they do not recognize mutants.

She needs our help.

You didn't answer my question.

This could be a real *disaster.* Carnelia could go to the press, tell the world that we're *stealing* their children.

Turn us into more of a boogeyman than they already have.

Mirage, have you ever heard the expression...

...that it's better to *beg forgiveness...*

...than *ask permission?*

Akademos Habitat.

The Sextant.

Alpha House.

Doug, is there anything I can do? I feel like a lump on a log just sitting around here.

No, not just yet, Armor, but soon. Once I have this up and running, I'll show you how to operate it.

Mondo, can I borrow you for a moment? I need you to communicate with Krakoa, just to ensure that this is all set up and working correctly. Like a ***jump start.***

Nope.

Told you ***last time*** that if you asked me to do that again, I'd ***punch*** you in the face.

Remember?

I do.

But I'm prepared to take a ***punch to the face*** if it means that we can save even just ***one*** child who needs our help.

And I'm pretty sure that Sage will punch me ***harder*** if we keep having to bug her for this ***same*** information. She likes her privacy.

It'll be more than just ***one*** punch.

If it means you'll do this, then I accept.

Fine.

Great.

Really, we *could not* do this *without* you, Mondo.

If this works, the system should be able to pull information from Krakoa about who has come through the gates and cross-reference with Cerebro's records, which should allow us to create a list of who is still out there.

If you could put your hands here and--

‹I told you that I do not like this very much, DouglasAaron Ramsey›.*

*Translated from Krakoan.

Yes, I am aware, and I certainly *will not* make a habit of it.

I just needed a physical conduit to integrate this machine with Krakoa, and this seemed the most direct route.

And it looks like it worked.

I *thank you* for your time.

‹Goodbye, DouglasAaron Ramsey.›

All right, Armor, here we go.

This should help with our project. Help grow our island.

Amazing.

Ugh...feels like snakes writhing around inside me. I--

Hurrrrrk.

[ALERT....OO]
[MISSING..XX]

*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN

⚠ MISSING*******

NATASHIA (TASHI) REPINA

AGE: 13 Years Old

HEIGHT: 5'3"

WEIGHT: 123 lbs.

HAIR: Black

EYES: Blue

LAST KNOWN LOCATION: Sadovaya Street, Pershyy Misto, Carnelia.

On Tuesday, December 16, at 2:36 a.m., a 112 call was received by authorities regarding a domestic disturbance on Sadovaya Street. Upon arriving, law enforcement found two adults (Iacob and Marisa) deceased. Their 13-year-old daughter is missing and presumed endangered.

Anyone with information on Natashia's whereabouts or who may have information about the events of December 16, is encouraged to call their local police agency or call 112.

[ALERT....OO]
[MISSING..XX]

Pershyy Misto, Carnelia.

‹We've already lost three men inside and I am not prepared to sacrifice any others.›*

‹Until we know what the hell this thing is, we remain outside, ensuring no others go inside.›

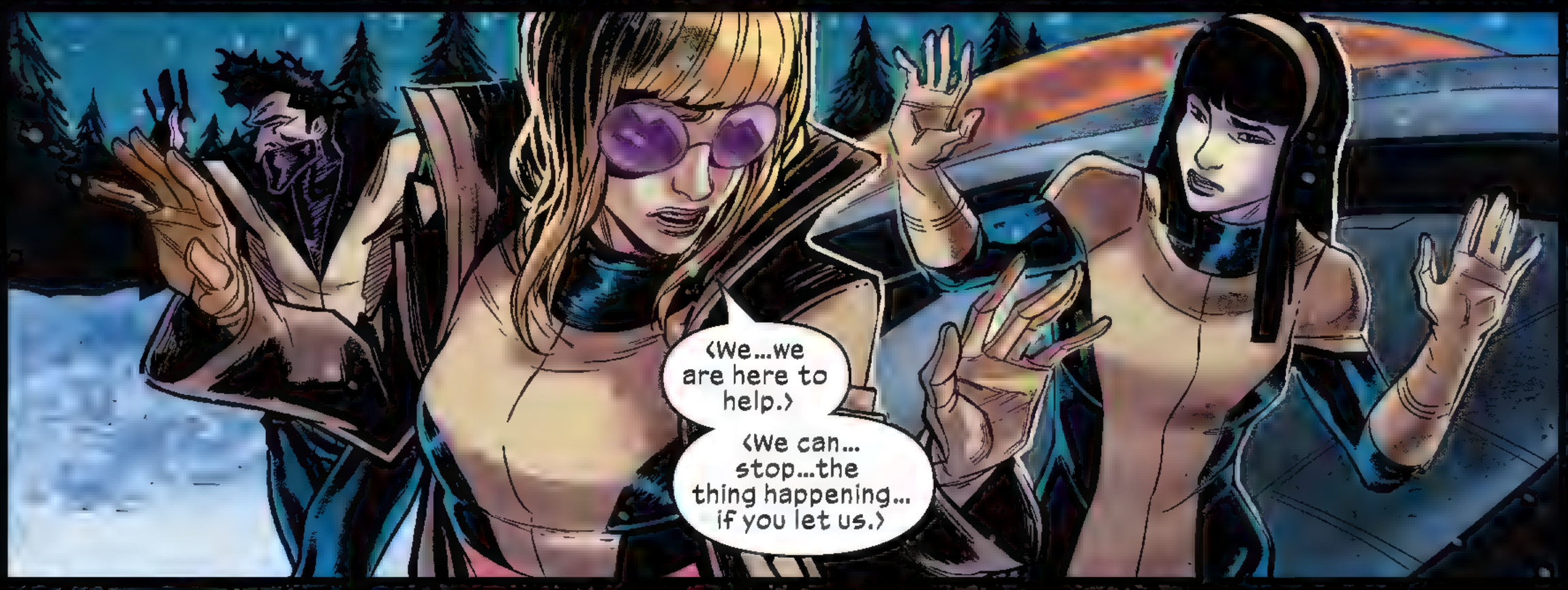
‹Captain...›

*Translated from Russian.

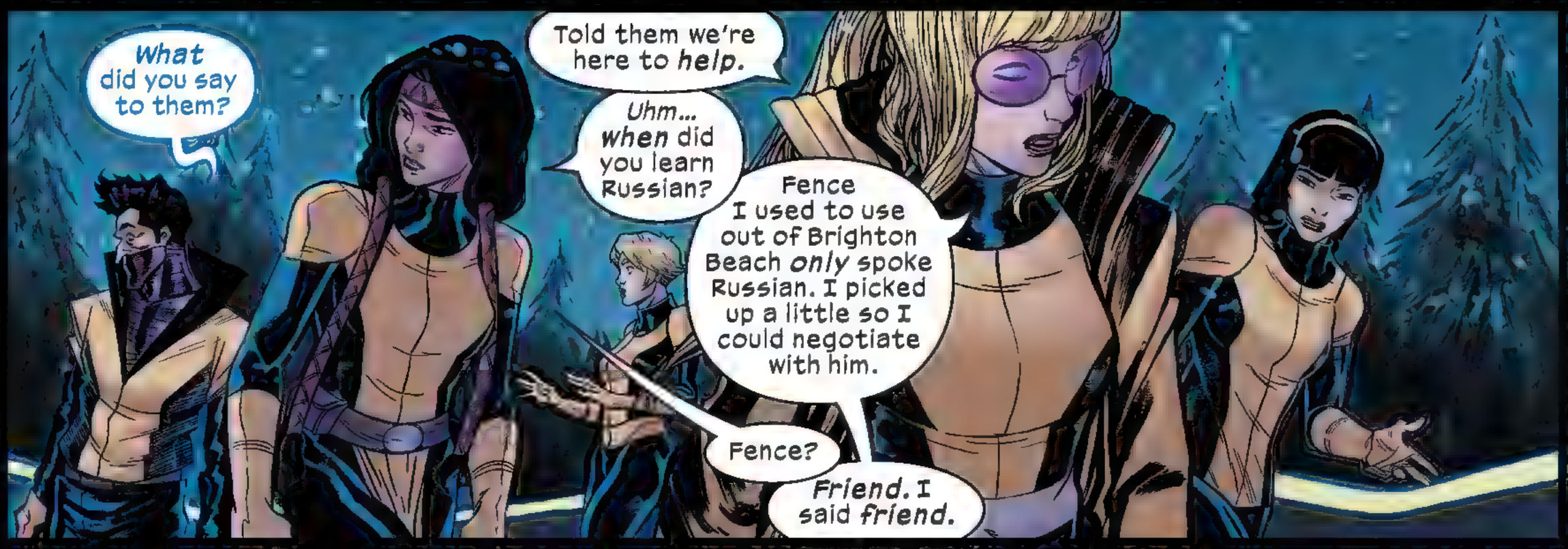
‹...What is that?›

SHOOOM

‹Hands in the air!›
Okay...maybe we should have brought Doug.
Anyone speak Russian?


‹We...we are here to help.›
‹We can... stop...the thing happening... if you let us.›

‹You people! You brought this problem here, didn't you?›
‹Before mutants appeared, we never had problems like this, and now I've lost good men because--›
‹Not us, but we...we can try to stop. If you let us through.›
‹But if you poke me again...you lose hand.›
‹Be my guest.›
‹Either you stop it and save me the hassle.›
‹Or you don't, and there are five fewer mutants walking around. Either way works for me.›


What did you say to them?
Told them we're here to help.
Uhm... when did you learn Russian?
Fence I used to use out of Brighton Beach only spoke Russian. I picked up a little so I could negotiate with him.
Fence?
Friend. I said friend.

My lord...

Yeah.

I don't even know what this is that we're dealing with.

It's as though this mutant is rewriting the world around her.

What do we do?

Should I fly in, remove her from...*this?*

Until we know what this is, we can't risk *anyone* going in.

We don't have to go in.

If she's controlling this, then I should be able to take over and...

...stop her.

Once I've done that, I'll bring her out and keep her contained until we can get back to Krakoa and figure out what to do with her.

Okay.

Do it.

It's like... she's *asleep*... like...

...she's in a *nightmare*... she...

<NO...>

‹Please no...›

‹...I'm so sorry...›
‹Just go away... please...›
Karma? Can you hear me?
You need to break the connection.
Wha...?

Karma! Chamber!

Magma, no!

Unfff...

Cypher. This is Mirage.

I'm here.

This mutant, Doug...she seems to be... trapped in a contained alternate reality.

I don't know. Karma tried to pilot her--she said something about a nightmare before she was...

...she was *overwhelmed.*

It...she... took Karma, Chamber and Magma.

She pulled them into this...void surrounding herself.

Do *not* go in, Mirage.

If this mutant can manipulate reality, then there is no telling what will happen.

I'm just grabbing reinforcements, and then we'll be on our way.

Make sure no one else gets near it.

Okay.

STAY ALIVE KEEP OUT!

Hey, you can't just waltz in here!

I said--

Back off.

You're in the wrong biome, *ding-dong.*

This is MLF domain! No New Mutants allowed!

Sorry-- emergency.

I'm coming in.

Wildside...

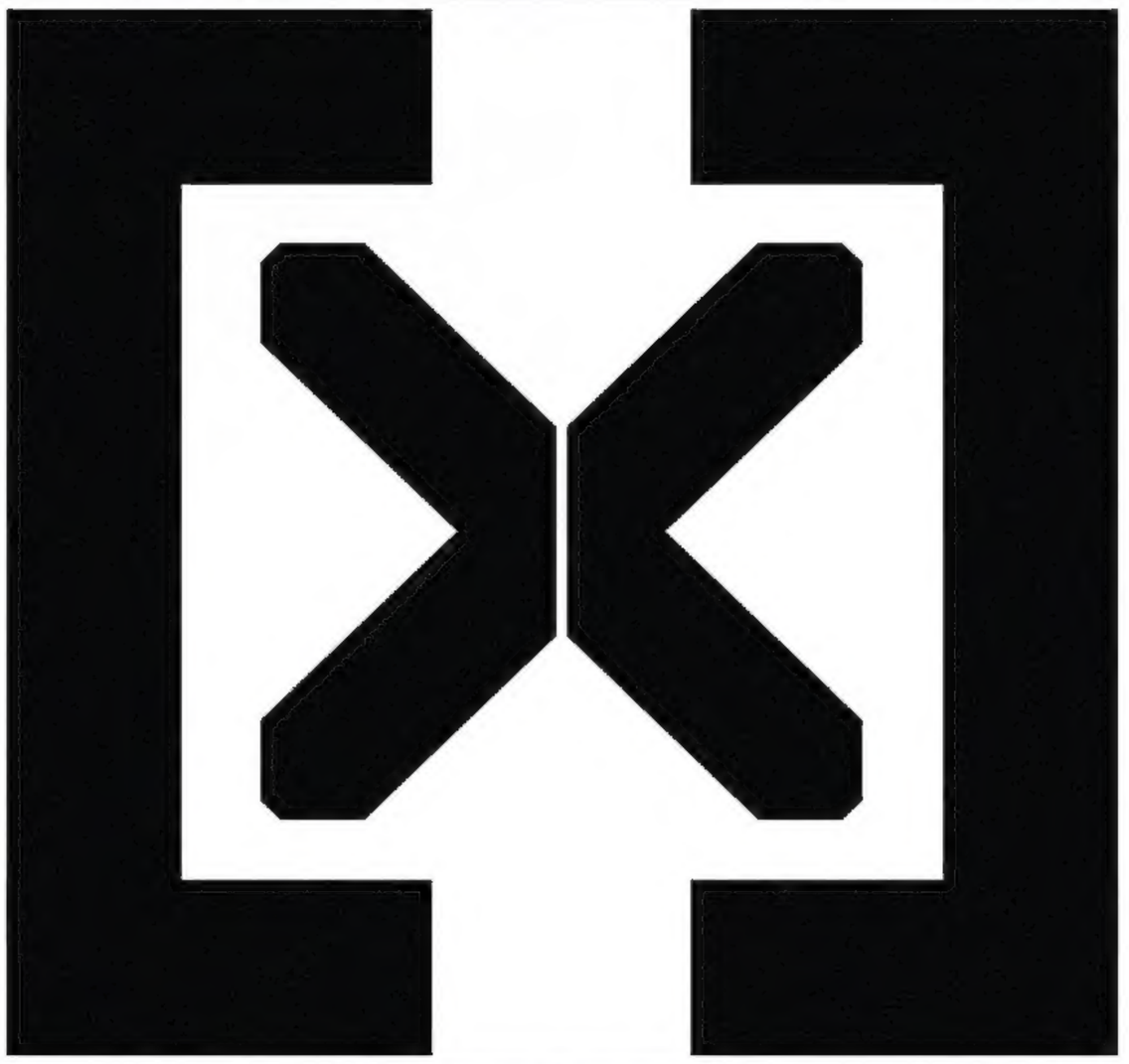
...we need your help.

You New Mutants are a bunch of mewling runts that are alive only because they've got horseshoes shoved up their rectums. *Of course* you need my help.

But next time, please knock.

[World_of_X [00.00]_01]

COMING SOON:



KRAKOA IS FOR ALL MUTANTS:

EXCALIBUR #8:	MARCH 4, 2020
MARAUDERS #9:	MARCH 4, 2020
CABLE #1:	MARCH 11, 2020
X-MEN #8:	MARCH 11, 2020
NEW MUTANTS #9:	MARCH 11, 2020
EXCALIBUR #9:	MARCH 18, 2020
X-FORCE #9:	MARCH 18, 2020
GIANT-SIZE X-MEN: NIGHTCRAWLER #1	MARCH 25, 2020
HELLIONS #1:	MARCH 25, 2020
WOLVERINE #2:	MARCH 25, 2020
X-MEN #9:	MARCH 25, 2020

[World_of_X [00.00]__X]

[00_hunting_.09]
[new_[0.0]·····]
[mut_[0.0]·····]
[new_[X.9]
[mut_[X.9]
[new_[0.0]
[mut_[0.0]

ZONE